

Home Mission Echoes

"The country for which I lifted up mine hand to give it to your fathers."

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Vol. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1904

No. 2



Native Women Weaving Baskets. Sitka, Alaska

510 * Tremont * Temple
Boston

"Topics for 1904"

JANUARY.
Our Southern Islands.
FEBRUARY.
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MARCH.
The Greatest Problem.
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AUGUST AND SEPTEMBER.
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America's Aborigines.
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A Wily Fox.
DECEMBER.
How Much Owest Thou?

HOME MISSION ECHOES

This paper is published monthly under the auspices jointly of the American Baptist Home Mission Society and the Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society, and represents in a concise manner the interests of both organizations. It aims to make a cheap, popular Home Mission periodical, attractive in its mechanical features, interesting to old and young in its varied contents, with numerous illustrations during the year. Mrs. M. C. Reynolds is the General Editor, and Mrs. Jas. McWhinnie, assistant editor. Rev. Howard B. Grosse, has charge of the Home Mission Society's Department, and Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt charge of the Department for "Our Young People." All correspondence pertaining to the editorial department of the paper should be sent to Mrs. M. C. Reynolds, 510 Tremont Temple.

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Bowen—Chepednoy

THANKSGIVING Day, at four o'clock, at the Wood Island Baptist Church, Mr. Rufus H. Bowen and Miss Sallie Chepednoy were united in marriage by the pastor.

The groom is the oldest son of the late Capt. R. H. Bowen, who came to Alaska many years ago from Massachusetts. He is an industrious young man of good habits. The bride is the first of the Orphanage daughters to be married.

The ceremony was witnessed by nearly all the residents of Wood Island, who followed the bridal couple to the Orphanage, where a reception was held. Our best wishes and prayers attend the happy husband and wife. — *News Letter.*

THE gold shipments from Dawson in August aggregated \$1,442,286. It is estimated that this year's gold output from the Klondike will reach \$11,000,000.

Suggestions

HAVE a map of Alaska, and show the various civil districts in Alaska, and give the difference in climatic conditions, etc. Locate the mission stations of the different denominations. A brief history of the transfer from Russia to the United States. Explain the Alaskan boundary dispute and how it was settled. The growth of the territory and its various resources. The beginning of missionary work in Alaska. An outline of present missionary work. The natives of Alaska. Outlook for the future. Prepare a series of questions, the answers to which can be taken from the present number of the ECHOES.

Alaska Calendars

WE have still on hand two hundred and fifty calendars. We are anxious to dispose of every one of them. They are very attractive, and the price is but ten cents each, and an additional cent for postage. Please send for one or more of them.

Home Mission Echoes

"Our Echoes roll from soul to soul,
And grow forever and forever."—*Tennyson.*

Vol. VIII.

FEBRUARY, 1904

No. 2

The Woman's American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial

WE would call attention to the fact that but two months of our fiscal year remain, and that there are but eleven Sundays in which our Sunday schools can take their annual collection this year for Alaska. Last year we had four hundred contributing schools; up to January 10th, only two hundred and twelve schools had sent their gifts. If we are to reach four hundred this year, our schools must act promptly. Our annual letter was sent out early in November; perhaps some of the schools have changed superintendents, and thus have failed to receive the letter. If so, send immediately to 510 Tremont Temple for one.

It is now five years since Mr. Coe returned to Alaska. During the years he has worked untiringly, most of the time with no assistant. He has managed the affairs of the Mission, superintended the improvement and cultivation of the grounds, made a success of the fish industry, and has demonstrated what can be done in agricultural experiments on Wood Island. You will find a clear account of the latter on page 5. Mr. Coe has renewed his engagement at the Mission, but he is entitled to a vacation, and will take it as soon as an assistant can be found. He sends the following advertisement for help:

HELP! HELP!

**The Orphanage needs another
Worker—A Young Man.**

a man of religious principles, good habits, sterling character, intelligence, a strong body, and common sense. A knowledge of farming, dairying, stock-raising, logging, boating or printing will be helpful.

Salary moderate. Position permanent. Expenses to field paid. Address Curtis P. Coe, Wood Island, Kodiak, Alaska. Send references and full information.

Baptist papers please copy.

We hope a helper can be found at an early date, and that ere the close of this year we may welcome Mr. Coe to New England, and hear from his lips the record of the years.

Hay-Herbert Treaty

For more than fifty years the treaty of 1825, between Great Britain and Russia, fixing the boundaries of Alaska, was acceptable; no question was made concerning it until after the discovery of gold in the Klondike. Since then the ownership of a strip of territory between Southeastern Alaska and British Columbia has been not only a source of contention, but an obstacle in the way of friendly relations between the United States and Canada. In February, 1903, a treaty called the "Hay-Herbert Treaty," providing for the appointment of a joint commission to settle the Alaskan controversy, was ratified by Great Britain and the United States.

The treaty provided for the appointment of a commission of six, three American and three British experts, to determine where the line between Alaska and British Columbia should be drawn, as laid down by the treaty of 1825, and if they could agree, to mark this line. During the summer the joint commission met in London, the ancient treaty was carefully and thoroughly considered, and the decision was in favor of the United States.

Alaska's Wants

Governor Brady, of Alaska, in his annual report, urges provision for Alaska's representation by a delegate in Congress, and says that Alaska's main need is for pioneers and home builders. He says Congress can do no better thing for Alaska, now, than to encourage the construction of railroads across it. The governor deprecates the agitation for a change of government of Alaska from district to territorial, though aspiring to statehood when Alaska fills with a desirable population.

Proposed Railroad

Verily this is an age of rapid transit, of bridging gulfs and chasms. The project of a tunnel at Bering Straits is being presented to capitalists. The "Trans-Alaskan, Siberian Railroad," as proposed, will start from Valdez in Alaska, will cross the Bering Straits by tunnel, and will eventually make it possible to travel from New York to Paris by rail, if the enthusiastic plan of its projector becomes a reality.

Wireless Telegraphy in Alaska

Secretary Root has approved plans for the erection of a wireless telegraph system between Cape Nome and St. Michael in Alaska. Before leaving Washington, General Greely, chief of the Army Signal Corps, gave instructions for the purchase of the necessary instruments to complete a wireless outfit, which it is thought will prove successful over a distance of about 120 miles. It is proposed to erect at Cape Nome and St. Michael a mast over two hundred feet high, which will be made in three sections, and which will form a part of the wireless stations.

Telegraph Lines and Submarine Cables

Since 1901 the Signal Corps of the United States has put in working order in Alaska more than fifteen hundred miles of land telegraph lines and submarine cables, and in the Canadian territories of the Yukon and North British Columbia, the Dominion government has displayed an equal activity. About two thousand miles of Canadian government telegraph lines have been built from the international boundary beyond Dawson, south to Port Simpson and Quessnelle. At the latter point connection is made with the regular commercial lines. Well-equipped telephone service has been established between these towns, and scarcely a place of five hundred inhabitants in the mining country has not its local and long-distance telephone.

Postal Service

"On the Pacific Coast daily mails leave by all the principal steamship lines, and are forwarded from Sitka, Skagway, Nome, and other distributing points by steamer, rail, wagon, and carrier. When ordinary means of distribution fail, the Russian reindeer, domesticated in Alaska, carry the sacks over the frozen lakes and snow-mantled uplands, travelling a vast distance in an incredibly short time. The highest salaried postal official in the world is in Alaska. He receives twenty-five thousand dollars a year for carrying the mail twice a month the year around to Fort Yukon, providing his own dogs and sleds for the purpose. There are now upwards of one hundred post-offices in Alaska, and mails are delivered regularly beyond the Arctic Circle."

Old Russian Workings

"During the past season at Port Graham, in Cook Inlet County, where Mr. Wharf and others have about 1,240 acres of coal lands, an old shaft has been discovered which was evidently worked by Russian convict labor many years ago. In delving around through the old ruins, many tools were found, such as shovels, picks, and axes. Old iron balls, with chains attached were found among the rest, and show that the convicts were forced to work in true Siberian style. The things found are of rare old patterns, and will probably adorn the walls of future Alaska museums."

Basket Weaving The Alaskans in Southeastern Alaska and on the Aleutian Isles are experts in basket weaving, and their baskets command a very high price. Some of the most beautiful ones are made at Attu, the most western of the Aleutian Isles.

Agricultural Experiments on Wood Island

PROF. S. C. GEORGEON, the special government agent in charge of agricultural experiments in Alaska, some time ago made arrangements with Mr. Coe to try various experiments on Wood Island. The seed was furnished by the government, the ground prepared and planted. In some cases it was new ground, in others it had been previously cultivated. The report was obliged to be sent in as early as September, and hence definite and final results could not be given.

The weather throughout the whole season was unfavorable, and the results in some cases far from being satisfactory as in other years. During the entire season only two days did the thermometer reach eighty degrees. On the 4th of July and the 4th of November it registered the same.

Field Crops Of the field crops, the experiment with oats was the most successful, and oats will be counted one of the most satisfactory crops. Buckwheat was sown on three plots. The land was all old and conditions favorable. All plots blossomed; a few seeds were formed, none would mature. Flax sown early in the season, on September 11th the stalks were sixteen inches high, the seed-pod well-filled, and the seeds getting hard. Flax has never done as well as this year. Barley, rye, and wheat were sown, but conditions were against success.

Grasses

Grasses sown last year survived the winter and were cut for hay the first of September; one-half acre made only half a ton of hay. Timothy sown two years ago is as fine a piece of grass as one would wish to see anywhere. It stands three feet high, and has long, full heads. It will be saved for seed. Timothy has been previously sown on meadow and pasture lands, and the results satisfactory. Wild rice was sown in the lakes. That sown in the spring did not appear, and that sown in the fall has not had time.

Vegetables

Vegetables which in previous years have given the best results, this year failed in the greatest measure. Potatoes have done very well. Lettuce was sown in May, and we have had plenty for ourselves and for sale. A great many peas were planted, but only a very few times have we had sufficient for the table. Flowers such as poppies, nasturtiums, pansies, sweet peas, corn-flowers, have done beautifully.

Live Stock

The winter was very severe on stock, that could not be fed, and few people were prepared to feed throughout the winter; many cattle died, and calves could not be raised. During the summer, the Ophanage herd of five cows, having no feed except pasturage in the woods, have supplied all the milk necessary for the large family, given cream for coffee and mush, and since June 1st an average of twelve pounds of butter a week has been made.

The Angora goats wintered with little feed and attention. They ate ensilage readily and browsed from the spruce-trees. They were sheared April 22d, and yielded twenty pounds of good quality mohair, making an average of over four pounds for each. Samples were sent to a dealer in mohair, and thirty cents per pound was offered for it.

Poultry has ever been one of the most profitable departments of our work. We have now at this time seventy young chickens and forty young ducks. From March until August, 2,610 eggs were received. We have had eggs for ourselves and for sale. A small flock of geese has been added to our poultry. The results in all lines of the work would have been better had the season been as in other years.

The above is condensed from Mr. Coe's report sent to the agent at Washington.

Alaska Calendar

THE letters from the Wood Island Mission from January until the last of April, 1903, were in the form of a journal, giving a daily account of affairs at the Orphanage. The record of the months was very much alike. The year commenced with high winds, cold, and snow and ice. The strong winds kept Mr. Coe very anxious and in constant fear of fire, and every precaution was taken to insure safety; then the weather would change, a warm spell follow, and this in turn be followed by cold and howling winds.

During the months mentioned, when out of school, the older boys were engaged in hauling and cutting logs for fire-

five cords of wood in three days. I wonder what we ever did without it.

February 22d. We have threshed some grain to-day; before another year we must have a hand-thresher. I have also bought shoes for the girls; a very poor quality we get here, and some of our girls are very hard on shoes. We had a good prayer-meeting this evening; all present rose to testify to their love of God.

February 23d. I have just made a trip to all outlying stations to see if everything is all right, potato-cellar, silo, cooper shop, fish-house, water-wheel, etc.—found everything all right. The boys have been out looking up the cows; found my own and the Mission cows that have been roaming in the woods. Robert says that they are all right. To-day is Odotia's birthday and we had a candy-pull in honor of it, and invited a few young people from the outside, and our own boys and girls.

During this month of February, we have sold 90 barrels



THE FIRST SLEIGH-RIDE OF THE SEASON — THE NEW LOG SLED

wood—the amount of wood burned in the Orphanage is enormous. Throughout the cold season much labor was required in thawing out and in repairing pipes. The cattle in the woods suffered from the severity of the winter, and a number of herd were lost. The winter was the most severe in thirty years.

From a Russian song-book the children have been taught a number of songs in that language, and the first Sunday evening in January they sang in Russian, "Wash me, and I shall be whiter than snow." The song service has been very attractive to the natives throughout the whole year, and been well attended, and by it they may be drawn to something better and higher. The children in the Mission are for the most part tractable and obedient, but sometimes are disobedient and disrespectful, and Mr. Coe often sighs for the wisdom of Solomon in his management of them.

February. We have completed a new log sled, and it works finely; with it the horses haul with greater ease twice what they could before. We have already hauled thirty-

of salmon at \$7.50 per barrel, and 75 boxes of cod at \$3.00 per box. Experience proves the salmon industry a success, and cod fishing not as profitable, for the cod caught around here are very poor in quality.

The North American Company having decided to close up its business here, their buildings are for sale. Governor Brady of Alaska writes me: "If you can secure the Company's buildings for twenty-five hundred dollars, you should stretch every effort to do so. It would give you full control of the island; you could open up a small store, and thus sell to the natives without such an enormous profit as the Company has had. You could exchange provisions for labor." We have not the money; we see what might be done, but we cannot do it.

March. We have had an unprecedented number of calm, clear days for this time of the year. With our poultry we have been quite successful, and find a ready market for it at Kodiak. Five chickens sold there for \$5.40. We shall soon have six cows to milk, and then we ought to make enough butter to last a year. The dogs killed a duck to-day and the boys retaliated by shooting two dogs; not a dog on the island is worth what it eats, and if they wish to live they better keep away from our duck-house.

March 17th. We have commenced to fill our ice-house with ice. The ice is thirty inches thick. We cut it one foot square on the top and have three loads in and another cut. Returning from Kodiak this afternoon we were told that our yearling heifer had fallen from the cliffs and was fatally injured. I had her killed. The meat looks fine and in good condition, and weighs two hundred pounds. She cost us fifteen dollars; the meat is worth fifteen cents per pound.

April 1st. Day cloudy and mild. I went out to the Una Lake field and found it ready for the harrow; the frost is largely out of it, and the ground is dry. I was surprised in the New Field to see the amount of fence made. Fence is made by chopping down trees and letting them lie.

Prayer-meeting this evening, subject: "Ye are our epistles," etc. I applied it to the Mission children as showing the results of mission training and instruction. Nellie Barritt and Nellie Boswell were received for church-membership after baptism; seven raised their hands for prayers. An old lady from Afognack called this morning and I had a long religious talk with her. She seemed satisfied that some things in the Greek Church are contrary to the Bible.

April 11th. We finished threshing the grain and carrying out the straw to-day. The days go by with little, apparently, accomplished, and so much to do.

April 16th. The *Santa Anna* whistled this morning and I went over to Kodiak for the mail. The steamers do not come to this island now, as the wharf has been condemned.

April 19th. This is Russian Easter. The idolatry of their worship and the respect paid to holidays, their church feasts, fasts, and festivals, try me more and more.

May 21st. Your latest letter is dated April 12th, and I will try to answer this morning while William is getting up the horses for work. It is a beautiful morning, and the weather the past week has been good for gardening, but I have had to spend most of the time in the house doing the work. The boys have been lfid off with the mumps, and there are only three on duty; none of these do I wish to trust with the horses, unless I start them on the work that is to be done. There are two gardens yet to be ploughed and considerable planting to do. The planting will not be very late, but ought to be done as soon as possible. I have never felt so rushed as at this time, with the boys sick, the native helper sick, and the fine weather, and gardens unplanted. I am either getting awfully lazy or something else is the matter, for I don't seem to get rested by morning, and time to get up comes too soon. Mrs. Coe is working to the full limit of her strength. The first box came safely on the 19th. The grass is growing and the cows are doing fairly well—we are packing butter for winter use. The chickens are doing well; we have fifty or more little ones, also a brood of ducks.

Salmon are running, and we have had some on the table several times. They are fine. It would be an expensive food for our large family if we had to pay what they would cost in Boston. It requires four and five fish for a meal for all of us.

June. Two cases of goods arrived to-day. A letter from Mr. Golder makes me laugh. He says: "You have friends here who have confidence in you in everything you do except in measuring children: they cannot see how a girl ten years old can take a skirt sixty inches long." I don't know whether the dimensions were of his own make-up or not, but I am sure there must be some mistake somewhere else if there were any such measures. Mrs. Campbell took the measures and I wrote them. The fact, however, is that you would be surprised at some of the measures of the children.

Our two horses have done a lot of work this past year, and are now reaping their reward by a resting spell, eating the rich grass. The empty cases are in my office as I write, and remind me that I have not expressed my gratitude for them. I assure you that we do most heartily appreciate them, and all that is done in so many ways.

July 18th. Mrs. Campbell has gone to California for her vacation; for five years she has worked steadily and faithfully here, and now she takes a much needed rest, and will return to the Mission in August. Our gardens are a disappointment to us, but they are the best in the country. The spring and summer are cold and backward.

One of the most trying things of the work here is the loneliness and the lack of sympathy with Christian work. I would give a great deal to drop into a church and listen to some one preach, or to be in a prayer-meeting, and listen to others, or talk for a few minutes with some one interested in such matters, even to breathe the same atmosphere.

July 31st. The North American Company has every movable loaded, and they leave this morning. The place is desolate.

August 19th. Doctor Mills has returned from Cook's Inlet, where he has been for some time. He brought with him from the Inlet, on the 11th, a man with a crushed foot. The foot may have to be amputated, as a derrick fell and crushed it.

The boys are making hay, and have been for two weeks or more. We shall have good hay, but not much success with grain. We expect Mrs. Campbell will return on the steamer which is now due, and Doctor Mills expects by the same steamer his promised bride, Miss Twombly, of Framingham, Mass. We have both houses in the finest possible shape to welcome them. The front hall of the Orphanage is decorated with evergreens, ferns, and potted plants. The wedding will take place as soon as she reaches here.

September 9th. The *Bertha* arrived on the 21st, and Doctor Mills and Miss Twombly were married at the Orphanage that evening. Mrs. Mills is an accomplished musician, an artist and a loyal Baptist, and is heartily welcome to our midst. On the 24th, Mr. Anderson, whose foot had been crushed at the Inlet, died. It became necessary to amputate the foot; it had waited too long and the shock was too



NORTH AMERICA CO.'S COTTAGE AND MESS-HOUSE

great. He was buried in the Orphanage burying-ground after funeral services at the church. Doctor Mills has rented the Company's cottage; he will teach the government school, and has hired the Company's mess-house for the school. The last load of hay comes to-night, from down the bay; it is very dark, but they will have a fair tide and a calm sea. We have hauled a lot of gravel for the walk; it is a great improvement. We have an inexhaustible supply not far from here.

October. We have now been here nearly five years, the time for which we were engaged; we need a rest, but how can we have a vacation unless a helper can be found? For nearly two years we have been seeking an assistant, but no one seems willing to come. *We need a helper. We must have one.* We can defer our vacation until the fall of 1904, but there should be some one come to our relief in the spring.

September 26th. Five of our children were baptized, making in all fifteen children from the Orphanage that have united with the Church.

In November we received no letter from Mr. Coe; the mail was probably lost on the steamer *Discovery*, that was wrecked off Yukatat. Our last letter was dated December 2d.

We have now more children than ever in the Orphanage. The last of October and November it was very cold; the lakes were frozen. It has turned warm, and in consequence we have a run of sore throats and tonsillitis. Mrs. Campbell has been seriously ill, and is far from well now. Thanksgiving Day Sallie Chepdenoy, one of our oldest girls, was married to Rufus Bowen, a sober, industrious young man on the island. Invitations were printed and issued to every one of age on the island, and some were sent to Kodiak. They were married in the Baptist Church. They were a fine-looking couple. A reception followed at the Orphanage.

When our last letter was written they were busy preparing for the Christmas festival. At this festival a present is given to every child, and some slight token to every native on the island. The year has been one of hard work, care and anxiety, and loving service on the part of all connected with the work.

The Native Race

THE natives of Alaska are a fast dwindling race. Their sun is setting. Most of the Eskimos in Alaska are gathered at the missions, but the traveller will find a few in villages of two or three, or half a dozen igloos in places convenient for fishing, as fish is the staple diet of these people. Starvation and disease has left but a remnant of once populous tribes. Contact with the white race has had a great deal to do with their deterioration. They like whiskey, and, like all other native races, are not naturally industrious. Before the coming of the white man, stern necessity made them provide for the immediate future. The sea supplied them with most of their food, and there were wild berries and various kinds of game on the land to vary their fish diet. By instinct, inherited from a long line of ancestors, they are fishermen and hunters, but by contact with the Caucasian they are makers of curios and traders. In their new avocations they have become dependent to a great extent upon the white people.

But the higher race is not responsible for all their ills. The unsanitary state in which they live is not conducive to longevity. The impure air in the native winter huts, the lack of personal cleanliness, and much of the food the natives eat would shorten the days of hardiest people.

The Eskimo has some qualities of character to be admired. He has often shared his last bit of food with starving prospectors or wrecked sailors. He is bright and ingenious, simple-minded as a child, with a happy disposition that takes no thought of the morrow. He is bad only when under the influence of liquor.

The government should make some provision for the Eskimo. He can be made self-supporting, possibly a contributor to the wealth of the world, by placing him in a line of work for which nature has fitted him. Provide him with modern appliances, and means for fishing and whaling, and with proper management he will become a producer of wealth.

Our French Missionary

UPON the 14th of November, 1903, Mrs. Josephine LeClaire was appointed by the Board as our missionary among the French population in New England. Mrs. LeClaire is the wife of Rev. Isaac B. LeClaire, who is the missionary of the American Baptist Home Mission Society among the French in New Hampshire, and is located at Nashua. For four months Mrs. LeClaire will devote her time to missionary work in Somersworth, Nashua, and Manchester. Her reports for November and December are interesting. She has visited one hundred and twenty-three families, distributed tracts and Testaments, and had personal conversation with many in their homes. She finds that some of the people are anxious for the gospel, some are glad to receive the tracts and Testaments, while others care for none of these things.

By her house to house visiting in these places, Mrs. LeClaire finds out the special needs in the home, and the life of the French people, and thus prepares the way as well as supplements the work of her husband.

ONLY an exile from congenial and beloved work could understand my joy at returning to Ponce, Porto Rico, on November 16th. The months at home, of rest in my brother's home, with glimpses of the homes of dear friends, have strengthened me very much, and I am at work again with new hope and interest.

The readers of ECHOES will have heard of the appointment in October, by the Woman's Home Mission Society of Boston, of Miss Hattie Greenlaw, of Leominster, Mass., as a helper in the mission work in Southern Porto Rico. This young woman is full of interest and zeal, and hopes to take a good part in the work, with me, after she becomes acquainted with the Spanish language. For me, it is very pleasant to have a companion in the little mission-home, and in the mission-phaeton, as Old Speckle trots up and down the streets and mountain roads. Best of all it will be to have another to tell the old, old story to the women and children who so much need Christ for sweetening and blessing their lives. Miss Greenlaw is studying Spanish with a teacher, and attending services regularly. It will not be long that she will be "deaf and dumb" among her Porto Rican sisters! On Saturdays, she helps me in the industrial class at La Plaza, taking the small girls under her especial care in training to sew.

I know you will all pray for this new worker, during her first and hardest year. Pray for your old worker too, who has been encouraged for four years by your helping hands and prayers, and do not forget the women and children, whom we must "hasten slowly" along the paths of righteousness.

Your affectionate friend,

JANIE P. DUGGAN.

Ponce, Porto Rico, Dec. 7, 1903.

THE fact that the Republicans of Alaska have elected their delegates to the next Republican national convention and have instructed them to vote for Roosevelt first, last, and all the time, seems to have escaped adequate notice. There's nothing particularly cold and distant about Alaska."



American Baptist Home Mission Society

Editorial Notes



WHILE we in the North are undergoing the experiences of a real winter of the old-fashioned sort, such as our grandfathers love to tell about, Doctor Morehouse is doubtless trying to keep cool in the tropical climate of Porto Rico and Cuba. He sailed the day after Christmas for his first visit to these islands, in which the Home Mission Society has a most promising work in progress. We shall expect some graphic descriptions from his pen and some fine photographs from his camera, and readers of ECHOES shall share in the results of his careful study of the life in the tropics. The entire trip, with visits to some of our schools on the way homeward, will occupy about two months.

THOSE who still conceive of Alaska as a barren land where ice and snow and minerals form the only features worth mentioning, will experience some astonishment as they read the extracts we give on another page from the most interesting and instructive article by Mr. Stewart. The scenery of this newly developing country is as striking as are the facts of its true character and the revelation of its possibilities. The life there is peculiarly of the kind that needs the Christian missionary. As yet the saloon is as frequent as the church is rare, and gold gets the worship that belongs to God. The work of missions needs hastening in Alaska. We are only playing at it now, while the forces of demoralization are actively at work.

MANY kind words are written and spoken about the new form of *The Home Mission Monthly*, and we hope it is not out of place to say here that we trust the readers of ECHOES will all have their curiosity sufficiently aroused to get a copy of the January number just to see what it is like. Then may they like it so well that they will subscribe, so as to see if the succeeding numbers are as good or better.

IN connection with our newly opened work among the Crow Indians, Chief White Arms bids fair to be an outstanding character. When it was found that there was not a suitable piece of land unallotted that could be used for the mission compound, he readily offered a valuable part of

his own allotment. Then he gave up his home to the family of our missionary, Mr. Petzold, so that the wife and children might have shelter, while he contented himself with a tepee. Lastly, he writes that he has decided to renounce his Indian life and walk in the new way which the missionary taught. Surely, for a pagan, White Arms is making progress and setting an example that should prove an inspiration to others besides red men.

THE Indians need Christianizing, but they also need protection against injustice, robbery, and white "sharks." The account of the condition of the full-bloods, as given in another column by Mr. Murrow, who has long lived among them, shows what forces they have to struggle with, and how little reason they have to trust the white man or regard what they consider "the white man's religion."

OUR women are potent factors in temperance and missionary work; why not equally so in the movement which we call evangelism? In personal approach to the unconverted, especially among the young, a consecrated, loving woman has a special influence that is often underestimated and so unused. Let the faith, consecration, and gifts of our Christian women be employed to stimulate the spiritual life of the churches; and be employed just now.

A High Type of American Citizen

IN the death of Chester W. Kingsley all the causes that make for righteousness and the advancement of the kingdom of God suffer loss. He was a remarkably broad-minded and large-hearted man. He saw largely, as he gave liberally. His beneficence was born of principle, not impulse. Every interest connected with Christian civilization became his interest. He supported missions, home and foreign, education, the Church, Christian philanthropies of all kinds — giving wisely, with due regard to proportionate needs and claims. No human record will make known all his benefactions. He held himself as a steward, responsible to his Master. A man of strong common sense, sagacious in business, scrupulously honest, kindly and lovable, he was one of the leading laymen of the land. The American Baptist Home Mission Society, which he served so faithfully as president, and to which he gave so liberally of time and means, adds its grateful tribute in recognition of the genuine worth of such Christian manhood.

The Rich Empire in the North

How New Cities Spring into Being — The Missionary Opportunity



NO longer is Alaska, even in popular conception, the lone land of ice and snows which fiction and tradition long presented it. Northward, within the last five years, swift on the heels of the gold-seeking pioneers, have gone railroad builders and telegraph linemen, engineers, capitalists, bankers, teachers, and settlers, until not only Alaska, but the whole vast stretch of the Far Northwest is repeating California's marvellous story of development. Steamers, many of them palatial in their fittings, now navigate the Alaskan rivers; towns with organized systems of government are growing fast, with schools and banks and churches, and streets lighted by electricity, and paved. The telegraph and the telephone connect the principal settlements, and railroads are being built which in a year or two will traverse the peninsula almost from end to end.

The Old Alaska

Yet the new Alaska, which has become so important a reality, is, in a measure, but a startling revival of the commercial Alaska of sixty years ago. Then Sitka—a thousand miles north from Seattle, Washington—was the industrial capital of the Pacific Coast of America, and San Francisco but a gathering-place for indolent rancheros, who bought their plowshares, hoes, and hatchets from the industrious workmen of the Far North. From the shipyards of Sitka went forth the first steamships built on the Pacific, and the bells which still chime from many a Catholic mission-house were cast there. No better equipped naval station existed than that at the Alaskan capital, nor busier brass and iron foundries and machine-shops. The California "Forty-Niner" worked with a pick and shovel made at Sitka; the woolen-stuff clothing which he wore came from Sitka; the salt fish he ate and the lumber with which he built were also the product of far-away Alaska, carried in Sitkan-built vessels, manned by Sitka sailors.

But the military managers of the Russian-American Company were not captains of industry. Vast sums were squandered in impracticable experiments, in mining valueless coal, in extracting iron from inferior ore, in making bricks and woodenware for which no market existed. Thus the trade of Sitka languished, and in time the catching of fish and furs became the only occupation of the Alaskan. Even the purchase of the country by the United States failed for many years to add a stimulus to its lapsed industry.

The New Alaska

The New North which has arisen may not again dominate the trade of the Pacific Coast, but it has attained an intrinsic importance of which the Russian owners of Alaska never dreamed, not merely through its wealth of minerals, its furs, and its fisheries, but also in considerable measure through its possibilities in agriculture. Fields of grain and gardens stocked with every variety of vegetable are now

familiar sights on the outskirts of a hundred thriving settlements. From end to end of the Yukon, mightiest of the rivers of the world, the traveller may wander during four months of the year and never see snow. Instead, there will be a tangle of rich vegetation, of great forests, of grass that grows as high as a man's shoulder, and endless fields of beautiful plant-life. Wild berries in great variety,—raspberries, currants, huckleberries, blackberries, cranberries, etc.,—beautiful ferns waving in the soft breezes, great beds of the purple lupine and the red columbine, wild celery and wild parsnip growing many feet high, ponds on which float great yellow lilies, with the purple iris bordering their banks, are everywhere.

A Marvellous Development

Not only Alaska, but the entire northwestern portion of the continent—for many hundred miles beyond the international boundary—is undergoing a marvellous development. Ten thousand miles of railroad are already under construction or definitely projected in territory farther north than is now touched by any existing completed line; a greater mileage than that of the Union Pacific, the Northern Pacific, and the Erie systems combined.

Prevailing fallacies regarding the climate of the new land disappeared. In Southeastern Alaska, which is tempered by the warming airs from the Japan current, the thermometer rarely falls to zero, and the changes from mid-winter to midsummer do not exceed twenty-five degrees. Even at St. Michael's, north of the mouth of the Yukon River, the mean summer temperature is 50° Fahrenheit. In the interior the climate is more severe, but not so bitter as is commonly believed. Daily observations during five summers in the Klondike region show that on the average the temperature there rises to 70° or higher on forty-six days, and to 80° on fourteen days; 90° was recorded in Dawson in June, 1900, and 95° in July of the same year.

The development of Alaskan oil-fields promises to establish an industry the extent of which cannot be yet foretold. Last fall an immense oil gusher—Alaska's first—was struck at Cotella, near Kayak, thirty miles south from Copper City. Oil was thrown one hundred and fifty feet into the air, carrying away everything in its course, and being capped with great difficulty.

The fisheries of Alaska are among the richest in the world. More than half the entire salmon product of the United States comes from Alaskan waters. It is the opinion of competent authorities that the cod banks exceed in wealth those of Newfoundland. The cod industry, however, is as yet only in its infancy—if, indeed, it can be said to have attained even that primitive stage of development. There are about fifteen thousand persons engaged in the salmon fisheries, and the market value of last season's output was a little more than \$7,000,000, which is exactly what we paid for Alaska.

Vegetable Products

Except on the coast of Bering Sea, all the hardy vegetables are grown with marked success throughout Alaska and the Canadian Yukon south of the Arctic Circle. No finer potatoes, cauliflower, cabbage, kale, peas, lettuce, and radishes could be found anywhere in the United States than samples which I have seen grown at the government experiment stations at Sitka and Kenai, and I have been told by a friend that at Holy Cross Mission he had eaten new potatoes, cauliflower, and other late vegetables in the month of July. At Rampart, in latitude 65°, winter rye, seeded there in August, lived through the winter perfectly, and matured grain by August of the following year. Barley seeded in May was ripe by the middle of August.

The great river valleys of Alaska and the Canadian North embrace cultivable areas large enough to form several good-sized States. Stock-raising is becoming an important industry. Several large stock-growers of Washington State are planning to convert the Aleutian Islands into vast cattle and sheep ranges, which will surpass in extent the rapidly diminishing ranges of Montana and Texas. — *William R. Stewart, in The World's Work.*

A Young Woman's Achievement



READ this story of what a young colored woman has achieved, and find another answer of conclusive character to the question some people still raise as to the capacity and ability of the negroes. The story is told in the *South Carolina Standard*, a paper edited by Dr. M. W. Gilbert, one of the faculty of Benedict College at Columbia, S. C.

The portrait given herewith is not that of Miss Wright, the heroine of the sketch, but is that of a student in one of our schools, and represents the same type of character. Every woman will join in honoring Miss Wright for the work she has done. Our schools are making it possible for such leaders of a race to develop their powers and put them to such unselfish and uplifting use for others. The *Standard* says:

"About seven years ago a young colored woman just graduated from Tuskegee Institute came to Denmark, S. C., to found an industrial and normal school for negroes. The idea and the undertaking were altogether her own. The beginning of her work was cheerless and hopeless enough, and it required both faith and indomitable pluck to undertake a work that was viewed with suspicion by preachers and encouraged by few at first. Fortunately the young woman

had both the faith and the pluck, and in addition she had confidence in her own capacity to do something. At once she undertook the purchase of a place in East Denmark, consisting of an old mansion and several surrounding acres of land. She employed at first three or four assistants, although she herself refused in the beginning to accept any remuneration for her services. It is the exhibition of such unselfish service for others that God owns and prospers. In answer to the prayers of this Christian young woman, the Lord raised up friends for her and her work, so that from small beginnings an institution of respectable standing has been built up that is a credit to the negro race.

"The original property of the school has been sold and a farm of about three hundred acres of land has been purchased and has been paid for in cash — every cent of it. Upon this place a large two-story building has been erected with recitation-rooms and a hall for chapel exercises. A large and beautiful girls' dormitory has also been built. A large boys' dormitory is in process of erection. Other buildings for teachers have been built, as well as barns, etc.

"We believe the equipment of the school is worth at least fully \$25,000. All this has been accomplished within four or five years. The young negro woman who has accomplished these things is Miss Lizzie E. Wright, the founder and principal of the Voorhees Normal and Industrial School at Denmark, S. C.

"Modest, unassuming, unselfish, full of faith in a God that hears and answers prayer, Miss Wright is giving the negro one of its best institutions. We have met quite a number of prominent colored women, but we candidly regard Lizzie E. Wright as the most remarkable colored woman living."

The Wrongs of the Full-Bloods

HERE are between thirty and forty thousand disheartened, full-blood Indians in the Indian Territory. They live to themselves, speak their own language, and have as little intercourse with the whites as possible. It is charged against them that their deplorable condition is due to themselves; that they are lazy, shiftless, and ignorant, and have not improved the opportunities they have had of utilizing their valuable country to make themselves independent and educated. This charge is largely true, but there are extenuating circumstances. They have not always been poor and lazy, with no ambition or energy. In the early part of the last century, when they lived in their old country, Tennessee, Georgia, Alabama, and Mississippi, large and increasing numbers of them were progressive and prosperous. They had farms, stock, churches, schools, and the Cherokees had a newspaper printed in their own language, invented by one of their own number. Gladly would they have become citizens of the United States, if they had been encouraged to do so. Gladly would they have given up their reservations and taken their places by the side of the whites as individuals.

Well do I remember the rebuke which an old Choctaw woman gave me in 1870, after her husband's murder, and the robbery of their money. They were members of one of my churches, and, when I heard of the murder of my old

friend and brother, I took my interpreter, and went to comfort the good old sister. She received me coldly, and, after a little while, arose, and bade us follow her. She led us to the grave of her husband, and, after a few moments of silence, addressed me as follows:

"You are, to some extent, responsible for that grave. Ever since the war, you have been urging us to work, to make good homes, to raise cattle and ponies, sell some of them, and educate our children, and have money for the land's cause. This advice suited my husband and me. We liked to work, and have a good property. We had plenty before the war. You know how hard we have worked. For two years we have been laying up money to send our two older children off to school. A few mornings ago, we arose early as usual. The old man went down into the field. I heard a gun-shot. I stepped to the door, and saw my husband running from two white men. I saw one of the men fire another shot at my husband, and this time he fell or sat down by a tree. I ran toward him, screaming. The men went to him, and I could see that they were talking to him. Presently they ran to the woods, jumped on their horses, and galloped to the house. When I reached my husband he was able to say, 'Go back. They want—our—money. Save—it—send—Silas—Silas—school.' But I could not leave my husband. I took him in my arms, and in a few moments he was dead. He had run to Jamis Jones, a mile away. I saw the little children running from the house. The men went in. They went up into the loft, found the money, jumped on their horses, and rode away. I know you mean right to advise us Indians to work, but it is a mistake. God does not want Indians to have good homes, property, or money, if he would not allow white men to rob and murder us as they do. It is better for Indians to be poor than to be always working for white people."

"But," said I, "how did the men know you had money? I did not."

She replied, "They came several days ago, got Silas to go with them hunting, gave him whiskey, made him drunk, and he told them his father had money hid in the loft."

A thousand times have I heard from the full-bloods such expressions as the following:

"There is no use for us to work hard, get good homes, cattle, ponies, money, for it only excites the white people to get it away from us some way."

In view of those facts, do you wonder that the Indians are poor, shiftless, and disheartened?

They have earnestly opposed the allotment of their lands. They well know what are the motives of the whites, and what will be the result of allotment. As long as the land was held in common the full-bloods felt that they had a home. The whites could not get legal possession of it because the United States Government stood between them and the Indians, but when they are made United States citizens, and the lands are individualized, the whites will rob them in detail.

My friends, the full-blood Indians in the Indian Territory are sitting in their little homes with bowed heads and aching hearts. The future is dark and gloomy. I fear they do not see the worst. There is a darker and more damnable gloom threatening them. If their Territory is opened to free whiskey, then the destruction and extinction of the full-blood Indians will be swift. Better would it be for them to donate half their land, their rich mines, and even their invested funds, to the whites, on condition that the prohibition of intoxicating spirits be forever continued in their Territory, for with free whiskey they will lose all their property, their lives, their souls.

J. S. MURROW.

Atoka, I. T.

The Missionary's Broad Work in Alaska

WHAT our missionaries do for the comfort and physical well-being of the untutored races among whom they labor finds apt illustration in the undertaking of Rev. Geo. S. Clevenger to procure the necessities of life for the Indians of Copper Centre at less exorbitant prices than they have hitherto been forced to pay to the traders. The application for relief was made to the Commissioner of Indian Affairs, who, in turn, set in motion the machinery which brought assurance from the acting secretary that "under certain conditions" the privilege of purchasing from the commissary stores is extended to the "natives of Alaska." Mr. Clevenger says:

"If this means that food supplies can be purchased by the Indians from the commissary store here in Copper Centre, it will cheapen food so that they can make a good living. They will be able to purchase food for one-tenth of the price they now pay. This will be a great thing for them. One thing further is needed, and that is some arrangement whereby they can get something near the value of the skins they catch."

As to the work in general, the report reads: "We find this people learn rapidly and seek to imitate the white man. Mrs. Clevenger is getting hold of them nicely, and all show her great respect. They come to service Sunday morning if they are within walking distance. How they love to sing! One girl about sixteen plays nicely the chords of the hymns on the zither, an instrument which she purchased from a white woman here. Some have beautiful voices, and we really have a nice service."

The White Man's Fire-Water

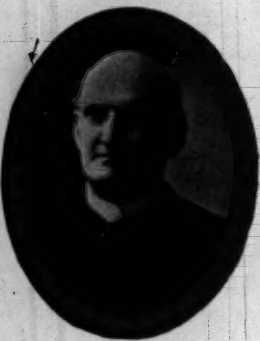
THE Indians keenly appreciate two facts: one that the white missionary brings them the gospel, with its joy and peace and civilizing power; the other, that the white liquor-seller tempts them with the whiskey that debauches, pauperizes and demonizes them. What a touching appeal was that of Chief Medicine, of the Crow Indians, when he was attending a conference at Sheridan, Wyo., accompanied by a delegation from his tribe, among whom, at Lodge Grass, Mon., our Home Mission Society has just established a mission. Appearing before the officers of the Industrial Convention which had drawn the Indians to Sheridan, the chief, who is a fine man, said, in his quaint way:

"When the Crows come down to Sheridan, they never steal. They never steal horses and carry them back to the Reservation. They never steal guns so that your officers have to go after them; but sometimes some of them get drunk on the white man's fire-water, and we want to ask you as a favor to the Lodge Grass Indians to have all the saloons closed while we are here at Sheridan."

There is not only pathos in that appeal, but also a rebuke that may well bring the blush of shame. When will the proper authorities see to it that the law forbidding the sale of liquor to Indians is enforced, and those who break it brought to punishment? The missionary's hardest obstacles are found not in the Indian's heart, but in the white man's greed.

Our New England Evangelist to the French

REV. ARTHUR ST. JAMES, newly appointed general evangelist among his people in the New England States, is so well and favorably known for his



successful work and genial character that readers will be glad to see this excellent counterfeit presentment of him. Mr. St. James will not only do evangelistic missionary work among the French, but will also present the cause to the churches. He is so effective as an evangelist that, if his time would permit, he would be in constant demand for such service in the American

churches. He will receive cordial welcome in his new position. This work is to be carried on in cooperation with the State Conventions of Massachusetts, New Hampshire, and Vermont, and is one of the needed advance steps for the evangelization of the large foreign population in New England.

Denmark Dreads the Mormons

NOT only on American soil are Mormons a peril to purity, the home, and society, but across the Atlantic we find them domiciled and dreaded. We clip from a recent issue of the *New York Evening Post* this paragraph:

"Rev. H. Hausen, for many years president of the Danish Lutheran Church in America, has arrived in Denmark to do missionary work against Mormonism. A powerful branch of the Danish State Church has encouraged him to come, and will cooperate in his work. He will start on a speaking tour, which will last several months. The Mormons have been especially active in recent years spreading their propaganda. A Mormon temple was dedicated here last year. They have also attracted large numbers of the Danes to Utah."

Gathered Here and There

REV. THOMAS S. FRETZ, who has recently become pastor at Kent, near Seattle, Wash., finds many encouraging signs, and has started a Japanese night-school, to reach the two hundred or more Japanese boys living in the vicinity.

The church at Mt. Pleasant, Ore., has dedicated its new house of worship, free of debt. More than that, the debts were all paid before dedication day, so that no collection was necessary. Three days of meetings were conducted by Rev. C. T. Ellis, of Baker City, and the church is ready for advance. A comfortable church home means everything to such a community.

As the result of some patient work among the Danes and Norwegians in Oregon by Rev. O. L. Hoiem, a church of twenty-five members has been established at McMinville, and this small body last year contributed over \$200 to the missions, showing the true spirit. The gospel has been preached at a score of places, in five of which there was no church or religious service.

Our missionary at Harleyville, I. T., is surrounded by mining towns destitute of gospel privileges. That there is ready response to Christian work is shown by the growth of his church within a year from thirteen to sixty-five members.

Rev. H. H. Clouse, missionary among the Kiowas, reports making a preaching tour as far as Anadarko. Among the members of the church there is Pawdely, an Indian of whom this is said: "He is a very earnest Christian; has held meetings in his house for some months on Sundays; has preached the Ghost Dance out of the community, and sent converts to Anadarko for baptism." More than that, he has raised \$150 for a Jesus house, and is looking for a house, more, so as to build this coming spring. Pretty strenuous service this.

Vancouver, Wash., about 130 miles from Tacoma, has been growing at boom rate, and numbers over five thousand; within nine months fifty good houses have been built, and new railroad connections made. There is a garrison here with two batteries of artillery and an infantry regiment, this being the headquarters of the Department of the Columbia. Twenty-two saloons explain why the field is called unusually hard; but the good people are putting forth some concerted and determined efforts to decrease the saloons and increase the church-membership. Rev. Robert Yeatman, pastor of the Baptist church, is both cultivating his own field, and preaching monthly at Camas, a town of five thousand people sixteen miles farther up the river, and a promising field for a church, if only the consecrated missionary pastor can be found.

A new house of worship has been dedicated in Mexico, and the church at Puebla is rejoicing. The work was done under supervision of our General Missionary Rev. W. H. Sloane. The building is of stone, seats 250, and has rooms for the native pastor. The entire property cost the Home Mission Society \$3,825, showing economy and good taste combined.

Rev. Alejandro Trevino, our missionary in Monterey, Mex., has passed through a trying experience. The yellow fever plague broke out, and while visiting the sick the missionary was stricken. "Thanks to the Lord I recovered, and was able to continue my work," he says, simply. More than twenty thousand persons were sick, and nearly one thousand died within three months. Yet the regular meetings were held and well attended. "The Lord was very near His people. Now the plague is over, and we are ready for the work, with fine prospects for the new year." These are the conditions that call for heroism.



Our Girls

The Eskimos of Alaska

BY SHELDON JACKSON, D. D.

U. S. General Agent of Education for Alaska

DURING June, July, and August, 1890, I cruised five thousand miles along the coasts of Asia and America, from the Aleutian Islands to Point Barrow, the northern limit of the continent, and back to Unalaska. I have visited all the principal settlements of the coast, and seen much of the native people. These people all belong to the Inuit or Eskimo family. They occupy not only the Arctic and Bering Sea coasts, but also that of the mainland coast of the North Pacific, as far east as Mt. St. Elias, and number in all about seventeen thousand to twenty thousand. In the extreme north, at Point Barrow, and along the coast of the Bering Sea, they are of medium size. At Point Barrow the average height of the males is five feet three inches, and average weight 153 pounds; of the women, four feet eleven inches, and weight 135. On the Nushagak River the average height of the men is from 150 to 167 pounds. From Cape Prince of Wales to Icy Cape, and on the great inland rivers emptying into the Arctic Ocean, they are a larger race, many of them being six feet and over in height. They are lighter in color and fairer than the North American Indian, have black and brown eyes, black hair (some with a tinge of brown), high cheek-bones, fleshy faces, small hands and feet, and good teeth. The men have thin beards. Along the Arctic coast the men cut their hair closely on the crown of the head, giving them the appearance of monks; this is done so that when crawling up to the deer, the latter will not be frightened away by the flutter of the hair in the wind. Some of the young are fairly good-looking, but through exposure and hardship, become old at thirty years of age. They are naturally intelligent, ingenious in extricating themselves from difficulties, fertile in resources, and quick to adopt American ways and methods, when they are an improvement on their own. Physically they are very strong, with great powers of endurance. When on a journey, if food is scarce, they will travel thirty to forty miles without breaking their fast. Lieutenant Cantwell, in his explorations of the Kowak River, makes record that upon one occasion, when he wanted a heavy stone for an anchor, a woman went out, and, alone, loaded into her birch bark

canoe, and brought him a stone that would weigh eight hundred pounds. It took two strong men to lift it out of the canoe.

Another explorer speaks of a woman carrying off on her shoulder a box of lead weighing 280 pounds. This summer, in erecting the school buildings in the Arctic, there being no drays or horses in that country, all the timbers, lumber, hardware, etc., had to be carried from the beach to the site of the house on the shoulders of the people. The women carried the same loads as the men. They are, as a rule, industrious, men, women, and children doing their individual part toward the family support. The hard struggle for a bare existence in the sterile region where they live compels it. In a general way they are honest. Property entrusted to them by the whites is kept secure. Property stowed away in cache or tent needs no lock or watchman—it is safe. Small articles left lying around uncared for are soon picked up and carried off. Perhaps they look upon them as if they had been thrown away. A white man can leave with one of them who is an entire stranger to him one or two hundred dollars' worth of goods, saying, "Buy me some furs and I will be back here next year." The following season the native, with the furs, is waiting for the expected arrival. This is done every season. I have the account-book of one of these native traders in which he has recorded every skin purchased, and how much of each article paid for it. As the native can neither read, write, nor speak English, and his own language is an unwritten one, of course the accounts are kept by symbols and signs. They are shrewd traders. No matter how much is offered for an article, they ask for more. If they set the price themselves and the purchaser accedes to it, they frequently attempt to raise it. They are exceedingly dirty and filthy in their persons and clothing. But perhaps this is somewhat excusable in a country where water is scarce and soap scarcer. I remember once hearing a very successful missionary, who had spent many years north of the Arctic Circle, say that he tried to make it a rule, when travelling with a dog sled, to wash his face at least once a week, but that he had not always been able to do it. The Alaska Eskimo is a good-natured, docile, and accommodating race. Wherever I met them, and under whatever circumstances, they had a smile of welcome, and in many ways showed a friendly spirit. They have also manifested an unexpected interest in the establishment of schools among them, which promises well for the future.

Among the Thlinket people of Southeastern Alaska the labret is worn by the women only. Among the Eskimo of Northwestern Alaska, on the contrary, it is worn by the men alone. The use of it is almost universal.

For You

WHAT'S best for all is best for each,
You'll find it always true;
And what is wrong for other folks
Is just as wrong for you. — *Selected.*

LAST year 400 Sunday schools contributed for the Alaskan Orphanage — was yours among the number? Will you send an offering to our Treasury before this year closes if you have not already done so?



MY DEAR LITTLE FOLKS: — Ten years ago, before some of you were born, and when some were first being counted among our Precious Jewels, a very good, and what has proved to be a great work was commenced for the neglected children of what was once called Russian America. When this country came into the possession of the United States the name was changed to A-ly-as-ka, meaning "Great Country." This is a very fitting name, for there is an extent of territory as great as from Washington to California, more than 2,000 miles in an air line from east to west, and from extreme north to south, as far as from Maine to Florida. If you will look at the map of Alaska and then at that of the United States, and find the Mississippi River, and remember that Alaska has an area of 577,390 square miles, about three-fifths of the area of the States east of the Mississippi, you will see why it was called a "Great Country." In this land there were the very vilest forms of heathenism — such as we read about in foreign countries. We could only do work in one place, and so we did not go away up into the frozen North where, at Point Barrow, the northernmost part, there was a Presbyterian mission station, but we opened a mission among the Kadiak Islands, off the southern coast of Alaska. These islands have been called the garden spots of Alaska, but there was a great deal to remind one that, while there might be the most luxuriant vegetation, there was also flourishing the plant which has been called Sin since the sun shone down on the beautiful Garden of Eden. There was no other Protestant mission station besides our own for a distance of eight hundred miles. Along the far-stretching coast line were many thousands of people, living in settlements of from one hundred to four hundred people, and hundreds of poor destitute children without wholesome food, clothed in rags and swarming with vermin. Their homes, in many villages, were miserable little huts, with a hole in the top for the escape of smoke. The Russian priests had taught the fathers and mothers many wrong things, and they could not rightly teach their children as can your parents, dear little folks. Speaking, not long ago, to a bright body of Sunday-school children about the needs of our Alaskan Orphanage, which was opened July 4, 1893, we could not fail to remind them of the sweet poem written by Doctor McWhinney when it first seemed as if the little pitiful Alaskan children were calling to us for help.

We wondered, looking into the interested faces of the little ones, how many of them had ever heard the "Cry of

the Alaskan Children," which we cannot doubt sank into many a heart, and helped more than any one can tell in the raising of the money which made our work possible. We are sure that, written and printed so long ago, many of our children do not know it, so we again place it in the Echoes columns.

In the report of ten years' work, given last May at our annual meeting, it was said that seventy-six children had been in the care of the Orphanage. There are at present forty. Fifteen have been baptized and joined the Wood Island Baptist Church.

Many give proof of being earnest Christians. Some names have become very dear to us. Among those giving most tender care to the little ones, helpful to all around her is Ofdotia, who thus expresses herself: "I am everybody's child, who needs my help." Sorrowing at their loss, but rejoicing at their fitness to enter the Holy City, are we, as we remember Conrad and Pariscovia, and others whose lives on earth is ended.

We spoke of the poem we love so well. It can be sung to the tune of "Angel of Peace," in your Mission Band meetings, or repeated, as you may like. It is very sweet to remember the good, kind friend who wrote the words, which are just as true to-day as when they were first penned.

The Cry of the Alaskan Children

FAR from the islands of Bering's dark sea
Comes the sad cry of the children to me,
Wandering, homeless, friendless, forlorn,
Lightens their darkness no ray of the morn;
Lambs that the Lord came from heaven to save.
Hear their sad wailing borne over the wave:
"Long is the darkness that over us lies,
When shall dawn of the morning arise?"

"Once we had plenty, the sea was our store,
Seals and the walrus came thick to our shore;
Now they are going, we follow their fate,
Haste, lest your aid be forever too late;
Save our dark race from the grave of despair.
Hear our entreaty, oh, answer our prayer!
Low on the sand by the storm-beaten graves.
Kneeling, we call to you over the waves.

"Pity the orphans whose land they have sold,
Fatherless, motherless, starving and cold,
Give to us only the crumbs you let fall,
Help in the name of the Father of all;
Give to us, starving in body and soul,
Pity our poverty, grant us your dole,
Ye, whom our mines have enriched with their gold,
Ye, whom our furs cover warm from the cold.

"Out of our misery gather us in,
Give us a refuge from suffering and sin.
Lambs are we, lost from the Good Shepherd's fold,
Gather us in from the rain and the cold,
Tell us of Jesus, and teach us to pray,
Tell us of heaven, and show us the way:
Then shall our song be heard over the waves,
Blessing and glory to Jesus who saves."

— By Dr. James McWhinney.

The Home of the Seal

Built Under the Ice and of the Same Shape as the Eskimo's House

ALTHOUGH the seal spends its life in and under the water, it is an air-breathing animal, and cannot live for any great length of time without air. As winter spreads sheets of ice over the fast freezing Arctic sea, the seal breaks a hole in the ice over the water where it lives. This hole it is very careful to keep open all winter long, breaking away each new crust as it forms, so that, no matter how thick the ice becomes, the animal always finds there a breathing-place and a passage to the surface of the ice above, where it can get fresh air and take a nap, for it does not sleep in the water. Then again, although the seal can exist for a time out of the water, it has to seek its food in the sea; so that without both land (or ice) and water it could not survive the Arctic winter. How, after once leav-

ing. He lets the cub down the breathing-hole, so as to lead the anxious mother to come to it as it struggles in the water. When she does so, he slowly draws it up again, and, as she follows it, strikes and secures her with the claws of his other foot.

Very few of these seal houses are found out, however, either by men or beasts of prey; and they last until the feeble Arctic summer partly melts the snow that covered and concealed them. Of course, by this time the baby seal has grown large and strong enough to take care of itself, and lives a great way from its place of birth. — *From St. Nicholas.*

WE do well to remember among the true friends of Alaskan missions Dr. Sheldon Jackson. On the occasion of a visit to Brooklyn some years ago, his words, accompanying a series of fine illustrations, created an abiding interest on our part in the country.

He has seen much of the need of gospel teaching, and the willingness of many to be led into the light.

In 1866 Doctor Jackson started to locate a party of teachers along the way from Puget Sound to Western Alaska, to a point as far westward of Puget Sound as New England is eastward. He says:

"Everywhere we were impressed with the urgent need of government schools and Christian missions. At one interview an old man/pleading that the children might have a chance, said with much pathos: 'My father never had light; now I am old, light has come, but my eyelids are stiff, and only a little light gets in.' Upon another occasion, a missionary visiting a sick native found him in the last stages of consumption, lying in a blanket upon the floor. His family had driven a stake in a crack of the floor. The upper end of the stake was split, and in the split was held an open book, so that the sick man could look upon it. In reply to the question, what that was for, the sick man replied: 'You have told us that in that book God has promised us a home when we die. Now you know I cannot read it, and no one ever came to teach my children to read it, and so I had them place the book where I could see it, and I look at it and say, "God, they tell me that you have promised me a home in that book; you know I cannot read it, and my children cannot read it, but I want you to remember your promise." And the old man died gazing on the Bible, which the indifference of the American people to education in Alaska prevented him, and is now preventing thousands, from learning to read."

An Inspiration

SOMEbody near you is struggling alone
Over life's desert sand;
Faith, hope, and courage together are gone;
Reach him a helping hand.
Turn on his darkness a beam of your light;
Kindle, to guide him, a beacon-fire bright;
Cheer his discouragement, soothe his affright,
Lovingly help him to stand.



AN ESKIMO AND HIS HUT

ing its breathing-hole in search of the fish upon which it feeds, the seal can find its way in the dark under the ice, a yard in thickness, and spreading over many miles, back again to its hole, no one knows; but it is not the less certain that when it needs air it swims as straight to its breathing-place as a bird could fly through the air to its nest.

When the seal is about to build her house, she first makes the breathing-hole larger, and then, by means of her strong claws and flippers, or forepaws, scoops out the snow, taking it down with her through the ice until she has made a domelike apartment of the same shape, though not the same size, as that built by the Eskimo. Unlike the huts built by man, however, it cannot be seen from without, for above it stretches the long slope of untrodden snow, and the baby seal, for whose comfort the house was built, and its mother, are safe from any foes that cannot find where the house is by the sense of smell.

The house, however, is sometimes discovered by the great polar bear, who, when his nose has told him that he is upon the top of the seal house, leaps in the air and, bringing his feet together, comes down with all his great weight, breaking through the roof and catching the baby seal before it can get away. Hooking one of his sharp claws into its little flipper, the bear then does a very cruel